The Missile

MARCH

Miss Molly

(IN MEMORY OF MISS MOLLY RIVES.)

Alas ! Without a warning you have gone,
And left us here struggling on,
How can we be without
Your guiding word,
Miss Molly ?

Departing words you have denied us, and
How shall we know your last desires ?
If you could speak we know
You'd say to us
"Be true !"

An inspiration is a Godly thing,
And that's what you have left to us,
"Be True"? Indeed what else
Remains for us,
Miss Molly ?

Departing, you have left with us a thought,
Unselfishly we'll share it here,
May we be only strong
To see it thru,
Miss Molly !

H. DAVID WICE.

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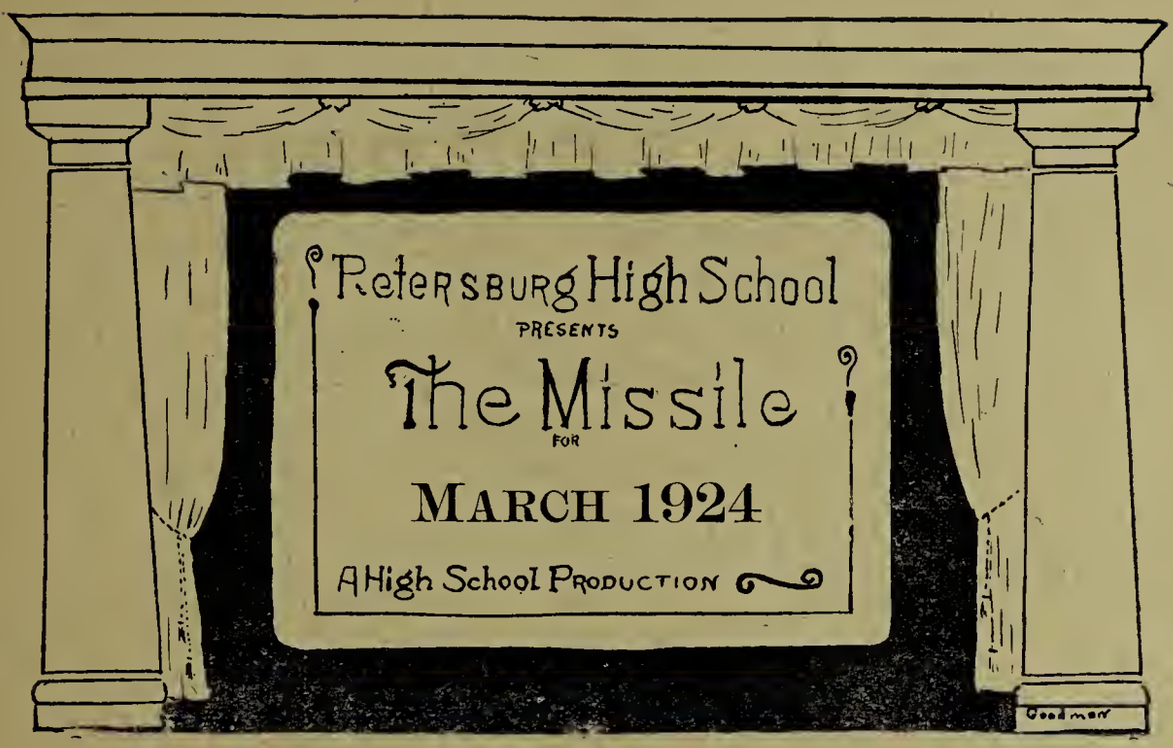

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The Student Council.

Probably the most interesting and certainly the most beneficial work done by the students of the Petersburg High School this term is the forming of the Student Council. The interest taken in the work all over school guarantees beforehand its success.

The aim of this Council or Special Committee is to create an organization which shall serve as a connecting link between the student-body and the faculty. Every branch of school activity is represented in this organization, and this makes the Student Council of great interest to any student in the whole school.

The scope of the Council's duty and work is exceedingly broad. Its members must act upon matters brought up by one of the members, must discuss with the faculty and plan for the welfare of the schools at large, must do their best to bring about clearer understanding and better feeling between student and teacher and student and student, and have the power to conduct assemblies at stated times.

In providing for the joint meetings of the Council and the faculty, the organizers of this plan have placed the largest stone in the foundation of fellowship in the school. The meetings may be called either by the faculty or the Council.

With its aim of fraternity, good feeling, and good fellowship over the entire school, the Student Council is benefiting the High School in the highest degree.

J. S.

The Roulette.

The Senior Annual this year will be a great improvement over the Annuals of past years in many respects. The leatherette cover with which "The Roulette" will be bound is perhaps the greatest improvement that has been made.

While size and color of the Annual made it much more expensive, the price of "The Roulette" has not been raised. Many ways of raising the difference between the cost of the printing and the money to be realized from the sale of the books have been planned. If the school will support these plans by attending the class plays and boosting all of the Senior Class activities and help in the sale of the books also, the complete success of "The Roulette" will be the result.

The support of "The Missile" by the student body is an excellent example of what can be done. If this same spirit is shown in the sale of "The Roulette," this year will be the most successful year in the history of the school for the Senior Annual.

—J. S.

Mystery Farm.

Mr. Richard Graham, mining engineer, pushed his motor cycle up the last few yards of the steep rise that had proved too much for his engine, and halted with a sigh of relief. He drew from his pocket a letter from his brother and began to read: "It's a jolly place, known as the Dennel place, but I call it Mystery Farm, for the neighbors seem to think, though they don't say much, that there is something queer about it, and about me for buying it. It is not exactly haunted but not just "canny" either; but a touch of mystery is the spice of life. You can't miss it, Dick. When you reach the top of the worst hill of your experience, with a deep valley to the right, you will see, a half mile away, Mystery Farm.

"The building is a two-story and attic, four square stone affair, built in 1774, but a number of wings, including a stable

connected by a wood-shed to the kitchen, have been built from time to time since; and I have added a front porch and garage myself. The barns, etc., are on the opposite side of the road.

"Come a-running, Dick; your new sister-in-law is anxious to meet one of the family she has never seen, and so is your affectionate brother, Warren Graham."

Dick grinned as he returned the letter to his pocket, mounted his motorcycle and with his siren shrieking like a lost soul, coasted down the hill upon the grass on the lawn. His siren emitted a final wail before the front door. To his surprise, for he had made enough noise to awaken a town, no one appeared. With a loud hail of "Ahoy! the house!" Graham crossed the porch, and lifting the huge bronze knocker he sent forth thunderous knock ringing thru the house, but it received no answer other than its own echo.

"What the dickens has become of everybody?" he grumbled as he peered into the window. "I've certainly got the right house, because there's Warren's desk and bookcases, and the same old rickety chair. They can't *all* have gone out. Elinor's kid brother is with them, Warren wrote, and her old nurse as the cook. Guess I'll go in." The door being unlocked, he was soon inside the library. It seemed in much better order than he had ever known his brother's den to be,-no doubt the efforts of Elinor. On his desk were scattered papers, and a half-finished page of a manuscript lay on the blotter with an old pipe beside it.

The room on the farther side of the hall, evidently the living room, was in perfect order, but there was an unpleasant, damp chill in the air that puzzled him.

After a glance about, he passed into the dining room and looked about him in amazement. The table was set for three, and a half-finished breakfast was at each plate. The coffee in the half-empty cups was still warm. So were the plates and the food upon them. The chairs seemed to indicate that their occupants had risen in haste. Frowning perplexedly, Graham passed into the kitchen. Here, too, everything was as it naturally should be. The kettle sang merrily on the stove, and a huge tawny cat eyed him with friendly interest from the hearth. At a small table one place was set, and, as in the dining-room, it was still warm. A battered straw hat and a corn cob

pipe beside it seemed to indicate that the "hired-man" also had been hastily interruped at his breakfast. Graham's puzzled frown deepened. Something might have happened to some of the stock, but how was it that they were not within hearing distance this long? Discovering a tin dinner horn, he blew it strenuously, but there was no reply. After a thorough search he hurried to the telephone. He had just gotten central when he heard a distinct human cough. With an exclamation he turned quickly. Leaning on the closed lower half of the door, her black curls framing a piquant sun-browned face, was a girl. She seemed very much amused at Dick's disgust at the long delay of central.

His first thought was that this was Elinor, but he remembered at once that his brother had described her as possessing ash-gold hair and blue eyes. This girl was decidedly dark, almost Spanish in coloring. Whoever she was she was a decidedly pretty girl, and as she blushed slightly under his intent gaze, Dick became aware that he had been staring very rudely.

"I beg your pardon," he began a trifle embarassed, "I thought you were Elinor, my sister-in law, you know."

She smiled, showing teeth very even and white, "No, I am Ruth—Ruth Bradley, I heard the shots and thinking something was wrong I came over."

He told her how he had come to find everyone missing, "Won't you sit down and enlighten me about this place?"

"There isn't much to tell, I don't know why everyone about here is so silly. They are usually a hard headed, intelligent, matter-of-fact people about most things, but so far as the Dennel place is concerned, they are as superstitious as their ancestors of two hundred and fifty years ago."

"They must have some foundation for their belief though," suggested Graham.

"Well, I suppose they have," she returned thoughtfully. "Some queer things have happened. Old Trueworthy Dennel built the house just before the Revolution. He was a master mason by trade, but had turned sea-captain, and had grown rich by means not altogether moral, it was hinted. He was a giant of a man, nearly seven feet tall and very violent, and his five sons were like him. They built the house themselves and allowed no one to touch or go near it. Then the Revolution came

and all five of the sons were killed, and when the old man died, the house went to a much younger son who had been a baby when it was built.

"He was a little queer, too, and his son Jacob, was queerer still. He was a regular miser, and he had only one son, Ephraim, who was as large as his great-grandfather, but who had been bullied by his father until he was just a sullen beast of burden.

"When the Civil War broke out he ran away and enlisted. Old Jacob was furious and openly disowned and disinherited the boy.

"Well, the war passed, and nothing was heard of Eph, and one morning in 1869, I think, old Jacob was found dead with an awful bruise on his temple and his neck broken, at the foot of the cellar stairs. It was supposed that he had fallen, but two farmers coming home that night, reported seeing a huge figure in a tattered uniform in the woods near the house, and of course gossip at once pointed out that Eph had returned and murdered his father. But that was no real evidence. Eph hadn't been heard of for eight years, and wasn't heard of until three months later when he wrote in answer to an advertisement the lawyer put in the paper, looking for the heir.

"Well, he came back, and was queerer than his ancestors. He never did anything in the daytime, but persons passing after dark told of hearing hammering and other queer noises, coming from the house. Naturally the place was given a wide berth.

"This went on for thirteen years until 1882; then one day, in this very month, June, Eph suddenly disappeared."

"He went away again?" asked Dick, very much interested.

"Not in the sense you mean; at least, no one believes so."

Graham smiled a little ironically. "Is that all the foundation for the mystery? Why, a man in his mental condition might have done any crazy thing, gone West, or wandered into the woods and died."

"There is more," said Ruth quietly. "After it became evident that Eph was really gone, and he, the last of the Dennels, a cousin on his mother's side, took charge of the farm, but the house was vacant for seven years. During this time it came to be called haunted. At different times different persons claimed

to have seen lights moving in the house and to have heard strange sounds coming from it. One even swore that he had seen Eph, himself, peering from an upper window.

"Father, who had the actual care of the place, as the cousin lived in Boston, set all this down to tramps or imagination, and when the opportunity offered, rented it to a Boston artist for the summer of 1892.

"This man came up in May, living alone and taking most of his meals at our house. On the tenth he came to supper as usual and sat on the porch talking to father an hour or so, then he said good-night and started home. He was never seen or heard of afterwards."

Dick whistled, and his face turned grave.

"Of course all this happened before I was born. The house wasn't occupied again for twelve years, and I was not quite twelve when father rented it to a gentleman and his invalid wife from Philadelphia. It was not ten days later when early in the morning we were aroused by shrieks and the blowing of a dinner horn. When father and I got there, the whole family, servants and all, were out in the road, the women in hysterics and the men looking a little foolish.

"It seems that they all were awakened by a most curious noise. It came suddenly, at first a muffled, but growing to a deep roar; and it seemed to come from beneath the house. When they all rushed down stairs, they found the house, though it was a very warm night, filled with damp, heavy, very cold air, like, one expressed it, the air of an ice house. I felt it myself when father and I went in. The noise had ceased, but the house has not been occupied since, until your brother bought it."

Graham rose and began pacing the floor. "Miss Bradley, I don't mind admitting to you that I am worried; I am distinctly scared."

"So am I," replied Ruth gravely, "but what are we to do?"

Dick picked up the shotgun and quietly filled the magazine.

"I'm going to search the house again," he said grimly, "and if I don't find them, I'll have the house pulled down. Will you wait for me here?"

"I'm going with you." Dick refrained from objecting. In fact he was very glad of human companionship. "I feel respon-

sible. It was my fault that your brother took this house. It was through me Elinor heard of it."

"If I know my brother, you couldn't have kept him from it once he'd heard of it. He's keen for—Good Lord, what's that?" A weird mournful howl rose and swelled louder until, having reached the highest pitch a human ear can stand, it died away slowly, the dying wail of a lost soul.

For a moment Graham and Ruth stood staring at each other, wide eyed and pale of cheek. Then Dick's face flushed.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed with a shamefaced laugh. "It's the cat, I shut her in the kitchen; it is the cat" he insisted while Ruth lighted the lantern. "She isn't here you see, and the cellar door is open." Ruth handed him a lantern and together they descended the stairs.

Dick raised the lantern and peered about. "Nothing here," he began. "Absolutely empty. I guess."

"Look!" interrupted Ruth, and following the direction of her pointed finger, he saw at the top of the incline of rock, which was one of the four walls of the cellar, two greenish points of steady sinister glow. Dick laughed nervously. "It *is* the cat, but what the dickens is she doing up there? Here kittie, kittie, kittie," he added coaxingly.

A low purring answered him, but the cat did not move.

"I'm going up." Dick handed Ruth the gun. "I believe she's found something." As he approached, the lantern in his left hand, the cat rose purring louder than ever.

"Nothing here that I can see," he called back. "Solid rock. Why—what the devil!"

"What is it?" asked Ruth, startled by the excitement in his voice.

"I don't know," he replied. "A miracle, here's a piece of linen growing out of solid rock."

In a moment she was beside him. "Why, it's a handkerchief, and look close, isn't that a crack it's caught in?"

For a moment they stood in the black cavern-like cellar staring into each other's eyes.

"I'm not sure," said Dick, "but one thing is certain, those cracks are the work of skilled human hands. Old Trueworthy was a master mason and I believe this is a trap door. I think they

are in a secret chamber beyond this door. Has your father any blasting powder?"

"Yes, but what are you going to do, blast the door? It will hurt them if they are inside."

"We must take a chance, anyhow."

A shout from the front of the house interrupted them, and hurrying out they met old Mr. Bradley peering anxiously in at the front door.

"Land," he exclaimed, a look of relief spreading over his face. "I thought you had disappeared too. Any news?"

Graham told him of his discoveries and his conjectures.

"It might be so. I'll telephone to the Gibson granite quarry for two of their men. But how about the house, won't that blow up too?"

"Hang the house," replied Dick. "Besides, I guess I'm enough of an engineer to blow out that rock without much damage."

Three hours later a group of a half dozen men and one woman stood outside the old Dennel house, anxiety upon at least three of their faces.

Dick, a small box at his feet from which ran wires into the house, look questioningly about. "All ready?"

"Fire away," answered the foreman of the quarry gang. Dick bent over the box while the others held their breath. Suddenly there was a dull intonation. The little group looked at each other in amazement, for instead of the silence that should have followed there was a muffled steady roar. Its origin could not be mistaken, it was the sound of a distant water-fall.

Without a word Dick led the way below and there he paused, staring at the surprise before him. Before them was a great black hole ten or twelve feet in diameter leading downward at a steep angle.

"Come on," cried Dick, eagerly springing forward. "Leave a lantern here to guide us. She can't stop now." For a quarter of a mile a tunnel ran almost straight and ever downward until they were fully a thousand feet beneath the surface. They emerged suddenly on a ledge into the most wonderful subterranean cavity they had ever seen while fifty feet below them flowed a broad river which fell in a steep waterfall some distance down-stream over a precipice. But Dick did not pause. Motion-

ing the others to follow, he rounded a corner confidently, but the next second he stopped short with a shout of alarmed surprise. Before him stood a man fully six feet; despite stooped shoulders, gaunt, with eyes glaring with hate and rage, he stood a spirit of evil. White hair fell to his shoulders and a great beard almost covered his skeleton like face. Bradley, who had been close behind, grasped Dick's arm and almost shook him in amazement as he yelled, "Eph Dennel?—My God! its Eph Dennel."

With a growl of rage Eph suddenly raised an old rifle, but Dick snatched out his revolver and the gun fell to the ground while Dennet grasped his wounded hand. Then a change came over him as he noticed all the workmen behind them and he began to mutter, "Not alive, not alive, Eph Dennel won't hang." Then with a cry of despair he turned, and striding quickly to the ledge, he stepped deliberately off.

For a moment no one moved. Then Dick said, "we must go on." He broke off suddenly staring. "Warren," he shouted, "and there's Warren and Elinor and all of them."

"It's simple enough," explained Warren sometime latter. "When this morning, we heard a roar, I called to Mike, and of course the whole family came too, and that's where the old man got us. Held us up with his gun and marched us into the cavern. He'd have dropped Mike and me over the ledge if we had been alone, I imagine, as he did the Boston artist. He told us all about it, how he murdered his father too.

"One night he discovered the secret of the under-ground river and also a treasure and he decided to disappear. He used to visit the house once in a while and that's what caused trouble when he found the house occupied. I guess that's all, Dickey."

"Except one thing" replied Dick with a grin, "you'll have to find a new name for the place. It's no longer a Mystery Farm."

"Well, I'll leave that to you Ruth, as you solved the mystery."

"Don't forget the cat," said Dick. "Let's call the place after her, for after all it was she who discovered the handkerchief, if she has a name,—what are you all laughing at anyway?"

"It's Fate, Dick," answered Elinor. "The cat's name happens to be Mystery, too. So this must be Mystery Farm to the end."

—THELMA DEWELL.

SPRING.

The Spring is here and the days are warm
And birds sweetly sing around,
Its nest in the tree is its joy and pride;
No prettier home is found.

The flowers are blooming on yonder hill
And bees are buzzing about;
The purple violet nods its head
To the little flowers just out.

O'er hill and dale the shouts are heard
Of the glad and happy boys.
Lo! Spring is the best and merriest time
For Childhood's guileless joys.

—LULA BRYDIE.

Her Choice.

"Mabel, if you pull my hair again I'll discharge you. I thought that after three long months of training I could at least teach you to comb my hair easily. You're horrid."

"Yes, but, Senorita, your hair is badly tangled and——."

"Mabel yon are not to talk back to me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Senorita, but——" No more was said for a dainty-brocaded bedroom slipper just missed Mabel Confrez's head.

Mabel Confrez was a beautiful black haired and black eyed Spanish girl of about twenty summers. She came to America seeking adventure. She found it, for she had clothes that she never would have had, had she stayed in Spain——clothes that her mistress had discarded. She was happy and content also in her work.

"Senorita," a girl of nineteen, was a very peculiar yet beautiful type neither blonde nor brunette but with light wavy bobbed hair and hazel brown eyes and an olive complexion.

Marquise Langdon, for that was "Senorita's" name, had everything money could buy, yet as it has done in most cases—too much money had ruined her. She was spoiled, very spoiled and exceedingly high tempered.

Marquise was not a happy girl. Why? She didn't know, but there was something lacking in her make up. She wanted romance and real romance; not these silly-twaddled love affairs that she had had while away at school, but she wanted a man that could be something, was something or wanted to be something.

"Get me ready quick, Mabel, as I have an appointment with Dad at B—— studio at ten o'clock sharp and it is now nine-forty-five", said Marquise as she glanced at her dainty wrist watch.

"Your hat and cloak, Senorita?" inquired Mabel, at the same time helping her young mistress into a handsome squirrel cape.

And with a hasty glance in the long mirror at her well groomed figure, Marquise ran down the steps and jumped in her car, little thinking that this was for her a day of fate.

As she neared the business section, with its heavy street traffic,——but why try to describe it, it all came so suddenly—a crash—complete darkness—nothing more.

Hours later Marquise regained consciousness in St. Vincent's Hospital.

"Tell me about it," she asked wearily, "what's happened?"

"No, no," said the nurse, "Doctor Grey's orders are that you are not to talk until he returns. Just a drop of water." Sponging Marquise's lips and adjusting the ice-bags to her throbbing temples.

How queer it all seemed to Marquise. She alone, and her body racked with pain!

The minutes seemed like hours, and hours like days. Tossing upon her pillow oppressed by the *loneliness* and strangeness of the situation, it seemed as if she had put her old life behind her and had entered into a new experience.

Quietly there came to her bedside the man whom her soul had been reaching out for all through the years. She experienced a feeling of security as she looked into the kindest eyes she had ever seen. His grey eyes expressed both sympathy and

admiration. He was a handsome man, tall and stately looking, with dark brown hair and light complection. He looked to be a man of about twenty-five years of age and his face showed lines which meant a hard struggle for existence.

"Who are you, and where am I?" Marquise asked in a dazed manner.

"I am Doctor Grey and you are in St. Vincent's Hospital. It was my good luck this morning to be driving down Cary Street when your car collided with an immense moving van."

"But am I hurt?"

"Not much damage done. No bones are broken. You're suffering mostly from severe shock. May I ask your name?"

At the mention of her name Doctor Grey realized that a great barrier stood between them. She, the petted daughter of Mr. R. C. Langdon, a king of finance, while he had known nothing but years of struggle in obtaining his M. D. and two more years ahead of him in interne work. And yet——as he looked into those brown eyes, emotions were stirred in his soul which he had never known before.

Taking her hand gently he said, "My first duty is to notify your father of your where-abouts. After a few days of absolute quiet we'll be able to take you home. Now don't worry about anything. Worries are not intended for you."

"But you'll come in to see me often, won't you?" Marquise wanted to know, wondering at the same time how she could feel so much at home with a perfect stranger.

Youth recuperates rapidly and the following Wednesday found Marquise in her own home, but, despite all the comforts and attention she received, there was an indescribable yearning for the sound of a manly voice.

Doctor Grey's parting injunction was, "Try to forget this nasty experience and if ever I can render you a service remember, I am at your command."

Marquise thinking of these words determined to waive all ceremony aside and invite Doctor Grey to her home for the evening—"I shall be delighted" was the pleasant reply she received over the telephone. Thus Doctor Grey became a frequent visitor in the Langdon home.

Doctor Grey knew he loved Marquise and was reasonably

sure of her love, but in dreaming of the future he could never visualize her as his wife; as on that hot July morning he frankly declared his love for her.

"Marquise," said Doctor Grey tenderly, "you know I love you and you have known it for a long time. I want you for my wife, but I have nothing to offer —— ———."

"But I have enough for both," interrupted Marquise.

"Yes, Marquise, I know you have, but I am not willing to accept that. If you will marry me you must give up all support from your father and be willing to climb the ladder with me, for I have worked for everything I have gotten so far and I will not accept money unearned. Choose between the two, Marquise, my love or luxuries.?"

Marquise would not answer him then, for she said she did not want to be too hasty, but told Doctor Grey that she would write him a note on the next day.

All that night Marquise battled with herself. Could she go out into the world a poor woman and maybe remain poor all her life? Did she love Doctor Grey well enough to start at the bottom and climb? Such questions as these kept racing through her mind, until about two o'clock she fell into a restless sleep. By the next morning she had made up her mind, the battle was won. So as soon as she breakfasted she sent this note to Doctor Grey.

Monday

Dear Doctor Grey,—

I cannot marry you. I am selfish and I know it but I have been used to *luxuries* all my life and it is too late to give them up. I have enjoyed knowing you, and my greatest hopes are that you will find someone worthy of you.

As ever,

Marquise.

—ANNE DOUTHAT.

My Dog.

My dog is white like a drift of snow,
His eyes seem to be black beads;
His ears are so long, and his tongue so pink,
He goes by the name of "Tweeds."

I think he is smart, for he knows his name,
And barks at me when I call.
He likes to chase all the cats in town,
When they get on the fence and squall.

I like my dog the best of all.
Do you think he is for sale?
Well, I am sure that you don't know me,
He'd be the last I'd fail.

—GLADYS WILKINSON.

A Chance Discovery.

Herbert Calvin was called the star reporter of *The Daily Herald* and he certainly deserved the honor, for, though he had been on the staff for only one year, he had obtained details of all the biggest hits of the season, and had reported them better than the veterans. At present he was engaged in thinking of how little good his record would do him in his plight. In addition to his unenviable position he was very much fatigued, which did not increase his personal comfort to any great degree. He had walked, or rather slipped, for many miles in the last twelve hours, and he was no nearer anything that looked like aid than when he started. This was discouraging, to say the least, and it took a great deal to phase Herbert Calvin.

To catch up with Calvin's present position, let it be said the young reporter had gone with the *Shenandoah* expedition to the unexplored regions near the North Pole as a representative of his paper, though he himself was intensely interested in the scientific side of the expedition.

The huge dirigible had made good time until almost at the ice fields of the unmapped territory. Here a leak sprang in one of the gas-bags necessitating a descent. The crew as well as the party of scientists on the airship were anxious to explore the dismal land surrounding them, so they started out while the defect in the gas-bag was being remedied. The idea of going with the party appealed to Herbert, so he accordingly started out with them. He lagged behind in his zeal to examine the many curious conformations of the ice-covered rocks, and while looking over a particularly interesting-looking one, lost sight of the party, who were too engrossed in their own observations to notice his absence. This party soon returned to the dirigible, which had now been repaired, and, since no one had taken the trouble to count their number, went off without noticing Calvin's absence.

Thus it was that Herbert Calvin was left to himself and the ice, while the Shenandoah proceeded on to the center of the unexplored regions.

He was seated upon a small ice-covered ledge when he felt a sudden burning sensation in his left arm. This arm he had let rest naturally on a projecting rock, tnat formed a sort of arm to the ledge upon which he was sitting. Of course he jerked his hand away, and as he did so, he noticed two things. One was that the projecting rock was not ice-bound as everything else was, and the other, that his fur coat was burnt through where he had touched it against the stone.

Now Herbert Calvin had sense enough to know that no one in that part of the world would have kindled a fire under the rock, so he arrived at the conclusion that this projection must either have properties of heat itself, or that something underneath it had. He turned over in his mind all the elements he could think of that radiated heat of its own accord, and he could recall only radium. He searched his mind for an element that radiated heat from its own substance. Finally he recalled radium as being a substance of this kind. Then he had found pure unalloyed radium! What a find! Gone were his thoughts of fatigue. Gone were his thoughts of danger. The idea of discovering pure radium obsessed his mind. At last, however, he cooled down, for the heat of even his ardor could not last

long in that temperature. He then realized the real hopelessness of his dilemma.

While Herbert Calvin was pondering over his position, one of the younger scientists on the Shenandoah remarked to his companion, "There were some pretty queer-looking formations of rock down there. Young Calvin seemed interested in them too. I wonder if he picked up any specimens worth looking at."

"I don't know," answered his companion to the implied question. "Let's look him up."

They did look him up, but, of course, were uuable to find him, but they, thinking he was probably in some corner of the airship they had not noticed, gave the matter only a casual thought. The next day came, however, and he was still absent. Soon everyone was rushing madly about seeking the absent one in vain. The commanding officer soon saw that nothing could be gained in such a disorderly fashion, so he ordered everyone to be questioned as to his whereabouts when he was seen last. One of the crew spoke up in reply to a question, "I believe I do recall seeing him walking behind the rest of the bunch while we were out there, but I don't remember seeing him on the ship when we came back."

"I suppose, then," the officer replied, "that the logical thing to do would be to go back and search for him where he was last seen."

Accordingly the dirigible was turned about, and sailed at a lower altitude. The wastes were swept by the glasses of many anxious men, and soon one of them was rewarded for his vigilance.

"I see a black speck down there," he cried out.

All eyes were directed towards the direction pointed out by the man, and the commander, with a very powerful telescope, discerned the figure of what appeared to be a man, lying prostrate on the ice. After bringing the great airship to the spot indicated, some of the crew were lowered to the ground. The figure was that of Calvin, nearly frozen to death. After a good deal of trouble he was brought to, and his first words were, "Was it radium?"

In a short while he had related his experience to the members of the expedition, and an investigation was instigated.

Calvin's ideas were corroborated and the scientists declared it the greatest discovery they had heard of in modern times. The radium bed extended only a short distance in the rocks, but even at that it was calculated that putting billions on its value would be underestimating it. The honor of writing it up of course went to Calvin, and he ended up his narrative by writing, "and thus is added to the long list of chance-discoveries one of the most wonderful of all, and one that will help man-kind most."

—GORDON RENNIE.

SEASONS.

When the snow melts 'way, and the grass turns green,
And the birds in the trees do sing,
When trees are in bud, and the sky is of blue,
Oh! this is the time of Spring.

When Summer comes, and days are long,
And filled with the times so gay,
Oh! for the hills and the mountains high,
For freedom, joy, and play.

When the season's cold, and the fields of ice,
When the birds have flown away,
When the sleigh-bells ring, and the skates are seen,
Then Winter has come to stay.

DOROTHY TUCKER.

GUILTY?

The last witness had testified, and the judge was saying, in a cold stern voice, "We will now hear what the prisoner has to say."

All eyes turned towards the prisoner's chair, and there, shuddering and wringing her hands, was a girl about 18 years of age. The judge commanded her three or four times to speak before she obeyed him.

After a while she cried out; "Oh, I didn't mean to do it! I couldn't help it! I threw — I threw a rock—in the window — — and it — and it — hit him — — — and killed him."

The last of her sentence was spoken very, very fast and ended in a scream.

Then the judge asked her why she had done it, and she said, "Cause he hurt my little brother's dog but I didn't — oh I didn't mean to kill him. I — I — just meant to hurt him."

When she was through speaking, they led her back to her seat and there she crouched like a scared dog.

The jury then retired, and after a long while returned, and pronounced the prisoner "Guilty." The only sign of emotion the girl showed was to clutch her throat and wait with baited breath.

Now the judge was pronouncing the sentence. What is it? Yes? Oh that's horrible! She's so young! He says, "Murder, therefore to the electric chair."

When the last words were uttered the girl screamed, and fell back on the headboard of her bed, awaking to find Mammy Sue enjoying a hearty laugh at her expense.

—VIRGINIA SUTHERLAND.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

P. H. S. 47 — DINWIDDIE 8.

The Petersburg High School's basketball team, the original "Crimson Wave," ushered in the beginning of what was to be a successful 1924 basketball season on January 4 by defeating Dinwiddie High School team by the score of 47 to 8. Dinwiddie's team couldn't compare with the smooth well working P. H. S. machine.

P. H. S. 66 — DISPUTANTA 8.

The Crimson Wave's first and second string men easily vanquished the inexperienced Disputanta quint on the local floor January 5. The P. H. S. team worked well together, and each man proved to be a star as shown by the score 66 to 8.

P. H. S. 49 — HOPEWELL 11.

The P. H. S. team had no trouble in winning over Hopewell January 11. High School again displayed itself as a scoring machine taking the game by the score of 49 to 11.

P. H. S. 18 — MAURY 9.

In its first real test of the season the Crimson Wave defeated the Maury team of Norfolk on January 17 by the score of 18 to 9. This was done only by showing the fight of a true P.H.S. spirit. Maury had a fast, well working team, but Petersburg easily demonstrated that it was superior.

P. H. S. 20 — WOODROW WILSON, 21.

The Crimson Wave suffered its first defeat of the season at the hands of Woodrow Wilson High School of Portsmouth on

January 18, by the score of 21 to 20. It was a hard but glorious defeat. The game proper ended in a tie, 17 to 17 and in the extra period Woodrow Wilson scored 4 to our 3 points. These two teams were more evenly matched than any two teams ever seen on the local floor. The game was the fastest and cleanest that was seen here this season.

P. H. S. 27 — UNIV. OF RICHMOND FRESHMEN 22.

The P. H. S. team defeated the University of Richmond Freshmen by the score of 27 to 22 on the Richmond floor January 26. The Crimson Wave got off to a bad start, but overcame a large lead in the second half and won.

P. H. S. 19 — JOHN MARSHALL 42.

John Marshall, on its own floor February 2, gave the Crimson Wave its worse defeat of the season. P. H. S. was not up to its usual form, and was completely outplayed by John Marshall.

P. H. S. 60 — FRANKLIN 5.

On February 3, the P. H. S. team came back and defeated the slow Franklin team by the score of 60 to 5.

P. H. S. 2 — JOHN MARSHALL 0.

John Marshall's team came to Petersburg to battle the Crimson Wave in a return game. The Crimson Wave showed its superiority and in the second half was leading by the score of 13 to 7. The John Marshall coach under pretext that the enthusiasm of the crowd was growing too much called his team from the floor and forfeited the game to Petersburg. It was extremely unfortunate that John Marshall did this, as it was the concensus of opinion that the Coach had no reason for his action. The Crimson Wave completely outclassed John Marshall in all departments.

P. H. S. RESERVES 14 — HOPEWELL 6.

The P. H. S. Reserves or second team defeated Hopewell on February 15, by the score of 14 to 6. It was a fast and interesting game.

P. H. S. 13 — WAKE FOREST RESERVES 25.

The Wake Forest (N. C.) Reserves proved too fast for the locals on February 16. The Crimson Wave held them in check at first, but the collegiates were simply out of high school class. The game was fast and interesting, Wake Forest winning 25 to 13.

P. H S. 25 — WAKE FOREST RESERVES 53.

The Crimson Wave invaded North Carolina first playing a return game with Wake Forest. The score 53 to 25 does not tell the true story for several Wake Forest varsity men played against them.

P. H. S. 7 — SMITHFIELD 17.

Smithfield (N. C.) defeated Petersburg 17 to 7. Smithfield has the fastest high school team in North Carolina, and the Crimson Wave made a good showing when it is taken into consideration that they had to play in a tobacco warehouse, with extremely low rafters.

P. H. S. 12 — ROCKY MOUNT 23

The Crimson Wave closed its North Carolina trip with a game lost to Rocky Mount, The Crimson Wave worked wonderfully well together, but Rocky Mount's five were too much for them.

P. H. S. 16 — V. M. I. FRESHMEN 20.

V. M. I. Freshmen defeated P. H. S. by the score of 20 to 16. It was a well played game, and both teams were about evenly matched; accurate foul goal shots won the game for V.M.I.

The season was extremely successful for the High School quint. The Crimsom Wave scored 395 points to their opponents 252.

The students of the Petersburg High School should be proud of Allan Cook, Franklin Edwards, Robert Wood, Anthony Fisher, Gordon Andrews, Daniel Dillon, James Whitehurst, and William Wells, who made the original Crimson Wave the cleanest and most sportsmanlike basketball team in the State.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

P. H. S. 30 — PORTSMOUTH 27.

The P. H. S. girls met the team of the Woodrow Wilson High of Portsmouth on the Wilson court, January 26. After a hard fight put up by both teams, old P.H.S. came out victorious.

HAMPTON 34 — P. H. S. 28.

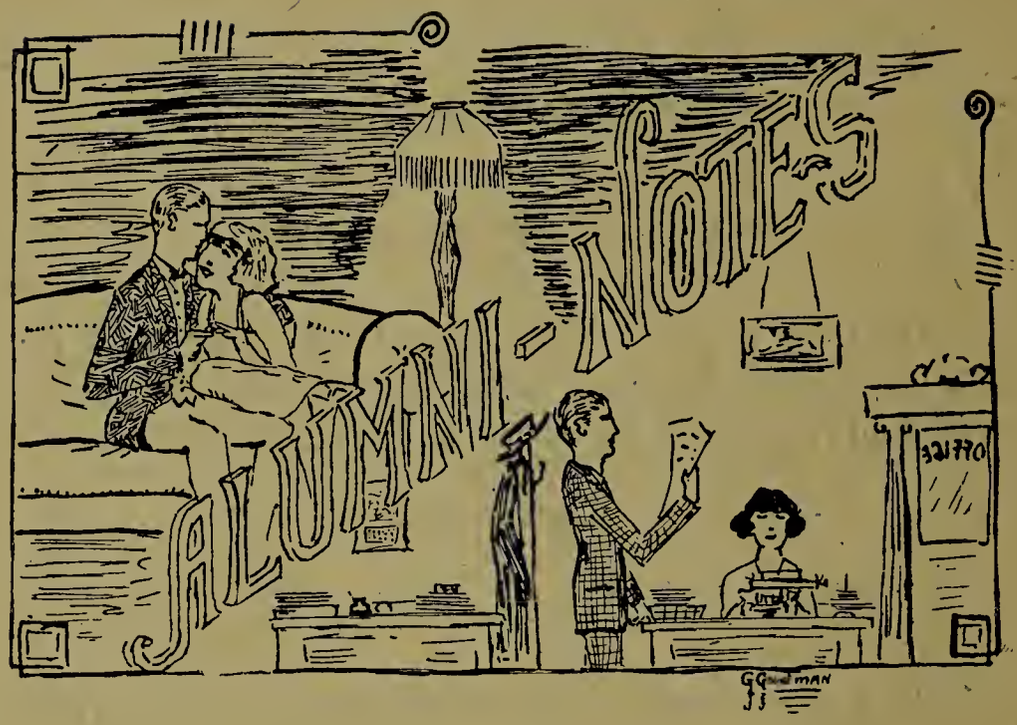
The P. H. S. team went aginst the strong team from Hampton, February 8. After a mighty struggle the red and black team was defeated by a close score of 28 to 34. This was the first game played by the new team.

P. H. S. 38 — RICHMOND NORMAL 31.

On February 21, the Richmond Normal team marched out on the P. H. S. court with the determination to win. P. H. S. went out with the same spirit and came out on top.

P. H. S. 31 — HAMPTON 19.

Once again the flag of glory waved in the air when the P. H. S. team added another victory to the list by defeating Hampton with a score of 31 to 19.



Misses Virginia Lewis and Elizabeth Cogbill, '23, are at Farmville State Normal.

Miss Virginia Ayers, '23, is attending William and Mary College.

Messrs. Howard Cain, Clinton Jones and Donald Lee Goodwyn, '22, have returned to William and Mary.

Messrs. Jack Powell and Melzar Seward, ex. '25, are attending Woodberry Forest School this year.

Miss Pauline Donnan, '23, is a student at Hollins this year and she is the captain of the Freshmen Basket-ball Team.

Mr. Eustace Bellinger, ex. '22, is going to V. M. I. this term. He is a member of the Freshmen Basket-ball Team.

Mr. Henry Plummer, '22, who is a student at V. P. I. has been home several weeks on account of illness.

Miss Margaret Leigh, '23, is attending Sweet Briar College.

Mr. Maurice Butler, '23, is a student at Washington and Lee this year.

Mr. Frederick Pilcher, '23, is attending V. P. I.

Messrs. Franklin Williamson, James Howard and Alexander Gilliam, '23, are students at the University of Virginia. Mr. Gilliam is a member of the Boxing Team.

Little Missiles

WHAT'S WHAT IN P. H. S. AMONG THE BOOKS.

"The Turmoil," - - - - - Coming in Assembly.
"The Coast of Folly," - - Trying to bluff Mr. Scott.
"Brass," - - - - - - - The Class Rings.
"Les Miserables," - - - - - - after exams.
"Six Seconds of Darkness," - - - - - Oh, boy.
"This Freedom," - - - - - - The holidays.
"The Sheik," - - - - - - - John Dameron.
"An Old Fashioned Girl," - There ain't no such animal.
"The House of Whispers," - - - - - Study Hall.
"The Miracle Man," - - He who can be quiet in the halls.

Jimmy W.—"I was talking to Mildred S. yesterday."
Ben S.—"Are you sure you were doing the talking?"
Jimmy W.—"Yes."
Ben S.—"Then it wasn't Mildred."

Barbara Willcox is like wash-day: clothes-pins, and a good line.

Helen and Runt met on the street and kissed each other rapturously, Townley and Jimmy, watching the meeting, said, "There's another of those things that are unfair."

Carry—"Isn't it strange that a man's arm is equal to the circumference of a girl's waist?"
Rush—"Let's get a string and see."

"Now I've got you in my grip!" hissed the villain as he shoved his tooth-paste into his valise.

Mr. Weaver—"What is space?"

Joe Jolliff—"I can't think of it just now, but I have it in my head."

Father—"Florence, did Paul smoke in the parlor last night? I found burnt matches there."

Florence—"No. Oh no, papa; he just lit one or two to see what time it was."

THE FRESHMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

The Seniors are gaining,
Alas they are gaining,
They are leaving their places behind,
'Tis true they don't hurry,
But that's not our worry
So why in the heck should we mind?

No more will Mac Cogbill,
Long-legged Mac Cogbill
Survey with his critical eye
The books that lie scattered,
The glass that is shattered,
As heaped in profusion they lie.

New Seniors will rail us,
New Councils assail us,
For what they draw or the place
While others of merit
Will rave 'bout the "sperrit,"
We show in the C. U. C. Race.

New Missiles will greet us,
New ideas will meet us,
New councils with impartial sway
Will air the opinions
Of third story minions
In the same old plausible way.

Even the societies,
Long lived societies,
Have utterly changed their time,
For when dinners are burning
And Long-hands are turning,
We doze to some silly old rhyme.
—EDWARD WYATT.

Mac—"Oh, what is more tempting than a beautiful girl to behold?"

Wilmer—"A live one to be held."

So Mr. Weaver took the 50,000 berries and bought chewing-gum for his chemistry class.

Jessie Y.—"My cheeks are so hot they feel like they are on fire."

Chris M.—"I thought I smelt burnt paint."

Miss Guerrant (to pupil)—"Wake up the boy next to you."

Pupil—"Oh, wake him up yourself; you put him to sleep."

So beautiful was she to me
I wish that we might wed,
Her neck a pillar of ivory—
But alas, so was her head.

A LAMENT.

My heart grows faint, and my brow is pale,
And my hand,— 'tis all a tremble,
The hours slip by, and the minutes fly
While my thoughts will not assemble.

The pen is slow to write for me;
I stamp, and I rave, and I roar.
Somewhere there must be a hidden thought,
I'm forced to walk the floor.

No, I'm not filling out my old tax blank,
I'm not going to plan a home,
'Tis a very much harder thing to do,
I'm trying to write a "pome."
—PAT DREWRY.

Lost—A checkered cap, belonging to a freshman lined with green flannel.

Miss Guerrant—"Why are you so late, Mr. Carter?"
Nick Carter—"Well, I saw a sign outside that said, School —go slow."

Billy—"Ma, can I go out and play?
Ma—"What, with those holes in your trousers?"
Billy—"Naw, with the boys across the street."

Another tragedy has been caused by the Clean Up Campaign. Miss Royall wrote "please wash" on the black-board, and the janitor took his bath before Saturday.

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

"Failed in physics, flunked in math;"
I heard him softly hiss,
"I'd like to spot the guy that said,
That ignorance is bliss."

GEORGE WASHINGTON. (Senior)

You have often heard and have often told,
'Till it seems it will never die
How George, when he chopped the cherry tree down,
Would not to his father lie.

It's true that George deserves great praise,
But here's how it looks to me,
George told the truth, but it did not save
His father's cherry tree.

For his father loved and watched and seemed
In that tree to take great pride,
And I'll bet that when he stopped to think,
He wished that his son had lied.
—J. R. AYERS.

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"The Q."—Quincy High School—Quincy, Ill.—A very neat cover. Where are your poets? Let us suggest that a few cuts would make your magazine more attractive.

"Lore"—Lewistown High School—Lewistown, Pa. Your large exchange department adds much to the interest of your magazine. We like having all the poems in one department.

"The Cestrian"—Chester High School—Chester, S. C. A very complete school magazine. "In the Ten Cent Store" is quite true to life.

"The Nautilus"—Greenville High School—Greenville, S. C. Yours is a most interesting magazine. The poems are splendid. We always enjoy the illustrations.

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"The Oracle"—Lanier High School—Montgomery, Ala.

"The Philomathean" — Bridgewater College — Bridgewater, Va.

"The Blare Review"—Blair Junior High School—Norfolk, Va.

"Renocahi"—Reidsville High School—Reidsville, N. C.

"The Rambler"—Central High School—Charlotte, N. C.

"The Courant"—Colchester High School—Colchester, Ill.

"The Hi Rocket"—Durham High Schhol—Durham, N.C.

"The Vigilant"--River Rouge High School—River Rouge, Mich.

"The Reveille"—R. M. A.—Bedford, Va.

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